

CN CALLING

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time,
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**WASTERS
ARE
TRAITORS**

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Number 1091 FEBRUARY 17, 1940.

Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

THE BLACKOUT AND THE WHITE-OUT

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Middle
Pages

The Ocean Islanders Send £10,000 For Freedom

MANY people must have been surprised to read of the gift of £10,000 which the people of Ocean Island have sent to help us with the war. It was suggested to them that £2000 was enough, but they insisted on sending five times as much.

Ocean Island is only small, but it is very rich, for on it is a great deposit of phosphate which is immensely valuable in the world's markets for farming and gardening fertilisers.

The islanders, known as Banabans, own the land and lease it to the British Phosphate Commission. Many of them work on the deposits, as well as hundreds of Chinese. The island is visited regularly by the London Missionary Society's ship John Williams V, which takes the missionary from the neighbouring island of Nauru. Ocean Island folk love singing, and

form male choirs which have big "singing matches," swelling into hymns and choruses like a great organ.

Ships come to the island to take away the precious phosphate to Australia and New Zealand, and as there are no natural moorings the ships have to be anchored to gigantic buoys which in turn are anchored to the sea-floor 260 fathoms down. It is calculated that 8000 tons of phosphate is enough to treat 100,000 acres of dairy farmland, or 400,000 acres of wheat-growing lands. A good yield of milk, butter, cheese, meat, wool, hides, and tallow really depends on the amount of phosphate in the soil on which crops grow and cattle feed, so that the Ocean Islanders are playing a real part in our war effort, providing us with food as well as giving generously from their savings.

The Man With the Key of the Floods

Is there any man in the world who holds a position like that of Gunther Paaskoven?

It is a terribly responsible post, for by pressing a button he can flood the one quarter of Holland which will keep at bay the dreaded invasion.

Paaskoven controls 800 powerful dykes, square mile after square mile of water in pool and marsh. He provides a barrier which no infantry can cross, no guns can pass, no transport can overstep. It is an expanse far too wide to be bridged like a mere river, too boggy to be spanned on the surface.

There is no general in command of any army who can so surely yet so easily check what would otherwise be an overwhelming rush of military forces.

Gunther Paaskoven is pale with the clear pallor of the finest china; his

eyes are a penetrating blue. When a crisis is on he walks almost incessantly up and down his laboratory, glancing frequently at the map on its walls. At such times he lives day and night within touch of his magic button, for he must be there when the order comes. The ancient city of Leyden, where he lives, is some dozen miles north of The Hague, and very central for his work.

His life's work has been given to the waters of his country, but he has only been in supreme control four years. Before then each province looked after its own water, but now it is felt that the matter is too urgent to be divided.

It is a grave responsibility for one man, for the flooding of the country is not only a safeguard but a devastation, and the button will not be pressed until the very last second of possible delay has been reached.

A medicine parade for evacuees at Heyshott in Sussex



DRAKE AND RALEIGH OF RAROTONGA

THERE was a hen which flew over the hedge and across a field and came back to tell the story of the great world it had seen, and we hear of two boys on the small island of Rarotonga who last autumn resolved to see the world.

News came one day to Rarotonga that the mission ship John Williams V was coming. The Rarotongans revere John Williams as their own missionary apostle; it was on their island in 1823 that he built his famous home-made ship The Messenger of Peace. Its successor, John Williams V, has so far to sail in the Pacific that she is unable to call regularly at Rarotonga,

but this was a special visit to take the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, Revd Norman Goodall, and at last she came flying the blue-and-white flag of the society with the dove of peace blazoned on it.

The two boys felt that their chance had come, especially when Mr Goodall landed and spoke to them in their Sunday School, telling them of the great journey he was making through the Pacific. The captain, too, came ashore, and they liked the look of his face, and also made friends with some of the crew of the ship.

The ship had to stay about three miles out, owing to the difficult

currents. But on her last afternoon the boys paddled out to her and climbed aboard. They examined every part of the ship and found a nice, comfortable locker in which the sails were kept. Taking a couple of coconuts with them they got inside, and when the captain shouted "All ashore!" they kept quiet. They heard their friends go down the ladders and say goodbye, but they sailed to see the world.

After one day out they were discovered, and the captain decided to take them on to Fiji as stowaways. They had to scrub decks and work hard while they were on board, and

on arriving in Fiji they found a policeman waiting for them, and for a month, instead of seeing Fiji, they were kept quite comfortably in the local gaol. Then they were taken back to Rarotonga, a little crestfallen but very proud of having seen the world. On the island now they are heroes. They have not much to say of their adventures, but they stand for the restless spirit of man which likes to attempt the impossible and win through. In them is the spirit of Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh, and we wish them well on their journey through this wonderful world they long to know more about.

Sweep and His Old Master

We have told several remarkable stories of faithful dogs which appear to have mysterious knowledge of events. Here is another true one.

Sweep was a half-bred collie belonging to a Lakeland railway porter. He, growing old, gave his beloved dog to a Manchester man who left the city every year to climb in the Lake Country. Sweep settled quite happily in Manchester where the wife and daughter of his new master made much of him.

When climbing time came round it was thought best not to take Sweep back in case he should be unsettled.

One day, to the great distress of his mistress, he refused all food and, looking utterly miserable, crept under a chair and seemed about to die. But he did not die; he was better the next day and gradually recovered his spirits.

When master returned and heard the story he was much touched, for on learning the day and hour of Sweep's illness he told his wife that at that very hour the faithful dog's old master had died.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Autarky. This unusual word, used by the Prime Minister the other day, means self-sufficiency. It comes from the two Greek words Autos, self, and Arkeo, I suffice; it is to be distinguished from the word autarchy, which means absolute power, and comes from the Greek word Archo, I rule.

Cash and Carry. America sends aeroplanes and other munitions to the Allies on the Cash and Carry system, and some have wondered how the term arose. Like the planes, it comes from the United States, where chain stores and small shops sell goods at low prices because the customer must pay on the spot and take his purchases, so the shops are called the Cash and Carry shops.

Eucharistic Conference. The holding of the Eucharistic Conference in New Zealand this year will long be remembered by Roman Catholics in that Dominion because the Pope broadcast a message to it across the world. The word Eucharist is Greek for thanksgiving, and has been used from the earliest times for the Lord's Supper.

Repatriation. This word means Taking back to the Fatherland, and has been made familiar in recent days by the wholesale transfer of Germans from the Baltic States, from the Italian Trentino, and from other regions to Germany. The settlement of the Jews in Palestine and the European Turks in Asia Minor are examples of repatriation of a nobler character than the barbarous procedure now being enforced by Hitler.

Great Plymouth Days

Was there not something like the coming home of the Golden Hind in the return of the Ajax?

Ten thousand people watched the brave ship arriving in Plymouth Harbour, and the cheering was so great that it drowned the music of the band. So it was when Francis Drake came home, first Englishman to return from a journey round the world. All eaten up with worms but all laden down with gold, his ship sailed into Plymouth Harbour, and as the cry went round that Drake was home the congregation ran from church and left the parson preaching to empty pews.

Poland is Not Lost

History has known no greater depths of cruelty than the Germans are practising in Poland.

One young Pole who was shot looked straight into the muzzles of the rifles and cried "Poland is still not lost," and the Polish children have made a game of this, the hero of the game always looking towards heaven, crying "Poland is not lost," and throwing themselves on the ground.

Mr Greatheart's Last Journey

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS THROUGH THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

A NOBLE Pilgrim has left this world on the last pilgrimage of all, and a thousand good causes on both sides of the Atlantic are poorer for his passing. Mr Edward Harkness has gone to Heaven.

He is known to us, of course, as the founder of the Pilgrim Trust, the good American who loved his ancient Motherland so much that he gave her a great fortune from which help is drawn for any worthy cause that may be languishing and beyond all other means of help.

He was one of those rare men in this world who do good by stealth rather than on the housetops, and seek no glory from their giving. How many people in this country know his name? A thousand or two, perhaps; yet no man's fame is more secure in spite of himself, for his spirit is woven into a Trust that will go on through the centuries. War will pass away and Peace will have her victories, and in those happier days the Pilgrim Trust will be doing its work as the friend of all noble causes in distress—saving a beautiful building, preserving a glorious landscape, lifting up the hearts of some poor strugglers in the East End or opening by its timely example the pockets of the West End.

The Good Samaritan

If we go to the map of the world for a comparison with the moral and social work of this Good Samaritan of the Adelphi, we may think of it as like the Gulf Stream which flows through the cold waters of the Atlantic and brings to these Islands the glow of warmth which makes them habitable. The Pilgrim Trust is like that because Mr Harkness was like that; he was a quiet spirit seeking nothing for himself, yet with the power of adding a glow to life in a hundred places where the stress and strain was hard to bear.

The fire that burned in him came from his father and his mother, and he kept it alight for 66 years. His father was a banker who one day found a young customer at his bank needing a loan on inadequate security; and Mr Harkness let him have it. The young customer never forgot it, and he grew up to be known to all the world as John D. Rockefeller, whose benefactions have sowed the seeds of human happiness wherever the wind has blown. The banker and his

customer became partners, and so was laid the foundation of the Harkness millions which have blessed the English-speaking world. The mother of Edward Harkness had the warm heart of his father, and she lived on till 1926, having formed a Commonwealth Fund "to do something for the welfare of mankind." Today, with her son's benefactions added to it, it has a capital of ten million pounds.

The Modest Man

From such a stock of English-loving people came this man who loved England (and especially his own ancestral Scotland) so much that ten years ago he and his wife placed in the hands of Trustees the sum of £2,000,000. It seemed right, he said to Lord Macmillan and Lord Tweedsmuir, for a private American citizen to show his admiration of what Britain has done by a gift to be used for some of her more urgent needs and for promoting her future well-being; and thereupon he gave the money with as little formality as was possible for so great a thing.

The Pilgrim Trust, as the fund is called after the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, has spent a million pounds in helping urgent cases, and in stimulating appeals which have produced much more. The C.N. has again and again described the work of the Trust and the causes on which its money has been spent.

It is pleasant to remember now that the King invited Mr and Mrs Harkness to the Coronation and received them at Buckingham Palace; and it is specially pleasant to remember that there was no publicity in connection with the visit. It was not the Harkness way. They went to the palace quietly and unknown to the public and the Press. Once, when it was impossible for him to decline a private luncheon at which the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed his health, Mr Harkness replied in a speech of two sentences; and at a Coronation event where everybody was his guest he moved among the guests unknown, refusing to be introduced.

Such was the modest spirit behind our Pilgrim Trust, now ten years old, a tribute to our country and its past. In this spirit, we may be sure, its work will go on for a hundred times ten years, into a future which will be nobler and nobler yet.

GUIDE AND SCOUT NEWS REEL

Guides of Warkworth, Northumberland, have been collecting empty medicine bottles for medical officers.

A patrol of Berkshire Guides, robbed of their club-room by the war, have turned a loose box into a meeting-place, blacking it out and covering the floor with lino. Good luck to the Pony Patrol!

The Guides of Lochalsh, Western Ross, are collecting sheep's wool from bushes and barbed-wire fences to be woven into knitting wool.

Rangers of Corby (Northants) have just finished a course of fire-fighting, and several have won their Fire Brigade Badge.

Patrol Second David Kerven of Hammersmith has been awarded the Silver Cross for Gallantry for rescuing the pilot of a bombing plane which crashed and caught fire last September in a field where Kerven was camping in Carmarthenshire.

Village improvement work by Scouts continues in India; in Jath State they plan facilities for education, sanitation, and physical culture for ten villages a year.

The Bronze Cross for Gallantry, highest Scout award, has been given to 19-year-old Robert Foulds of Paisley, who saved a girl from drowning in a very rough sea at Coldingham Bay last August.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

An elderly Danish carpenter called at the British Legation in Copenhagen and said that he and his wife, who was a German, were great admirers of England, and wished to give a small box full of old German coins.

The Minister of Transport mentioned the other day that while his car was outside his house a taxi backed into it, and when the driver had delivered his "fare" he returned and apologised and gave his number.

News reaches us of one more celluloid casualty, a six-months-old baby, having been seriously burned at St Helier, Jersey, by a celluloid toy bursting into flames; the last news we heard was that the child was in a very serious condition.

The boys of Canford Public School in Dorset are giving up half a day each week to make a vegetable garden in their playing-field.

There are now nearly 50,000 British farms supplied with electricity, and the number increases by 100 a week.

An immense step forward in Television is announced from the United States, where it is said that programmes have been received over a range of 1000 miles.

The Red Cross Fund has well passed its first million pounds and goes marching on towards its second; all subscriptions should be sent to the Lord Mayor of London.

The biggest type of fighter plane in the R.A.F. has 63 instruments on its panel.

We understand that unless the device for preventing it is used ice will form on the wing of a plane an inch thick in a minute.

A Leeds old age pensioner has sent six shillings out of her ten shillings a week to help the Finns.

The Mayor of Grimsby has received £60 for minesweepers from the British community of La Paz in Bolivia, who hope to send a similar amount monthly.

Last year London Transport collected 488 tons of waste paper from its vehicles and premises.

A lifeboat collecting-box containing 15s 6d was found by the Cromer lifeboat crew on boarding a steamer which had been bombed by a German plane.

The artistic talents of Civil Defence volunteers are to be encouraged; they are asked to paint or sketch subjects covering various branches of civil defence, and works of merit will be kept as an artistic record.

The United States Treasury has bought 700,000 ounces of quinine, worth about £100,000.

Members of the National Society of Pottery Workers have decided to raise £1000 by weekly contributions to buy an ambulance and comforts for the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

THINGS SEEN

Trams held up by an elephant lying on the lines, it being ultimately removed with a hose.

A rat in Hyde Park carrying off a sparrow with a piece of bread.

Tons of butter washed up on the beach and Scottish townsfolk carrying it away in baskets and barrows.

A greater-spotted woodpecker eating off the same piece of food with starlings and tits in the Editor's garden.

The general manager of a well-known firm delivering milk in the Great Frost.

A robin at Hyde sheltering from the wind on a greengrocer's market stall.

February 17, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

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A NEW FLAG FOR CANADA?

Many Canadians feel that, apart from the Union Jack, the Dominion should have a distinctive national flag. The question is raised from time to time in the Canadian Parliament. A popular candidate for this distinction would be the flag unfurled in England when the first Canadian troops landed in this country.

Once this flag has seen war service it will be venerated by all who live in the open spaces of the great Dominion.

Designed by Colonel A. F. Duguid, who wrote Canada's official history of the Great War, it is the flag of the First Division of Canadian troops. It has a Union Jack next to the staff, a white field enriched with three maple leaves, and a circle in which are three gold fleur-de-lis on a blue ground, representing the French-speaking Canadians.

A 12,000-MILE TOW

Commodore A. B. Randall of the American liner *Manhattan*, who has just retired, has the memory of many exciting adventures to keep him happy.

Perhaps the most thrilling thing he ever did was to tow a dock across the world from Baltimore to the Philippines, the greatest tow on record. It was in 1906, and the dock was the drydock Dewey, 500 feet long. The 12,000-mile tow took over six months, the Atlantic crossing alone taking 52 days, for every now and then the dock would break away in high seas.

MARGARINE IS FULL OF VITAMINS

Now that butter is rationed the shops are full of what is commonly called "marge," and very good food it is, for the Government insists that it must now contain Vitamin A and Vitamin D, and the makers make it taste as well as look like butter.

The Government is to be congratulated for insisting that margarine must contain the fat-soluble vitamin. If this is absent from our food nutrition fails. It is present in butter.

THE DIFFERENCE

What is the difference between India today and Germany?

One answer seems to be that in India one man fasts for his people and in Germany the people fast for one man.

A NOBLE BULLOCK

What a glorious creature is a well-built bullock! One making a record was sold at Leighton Buzzard the other day, six feet high and weighing 1 ton 4 cwt!

The Ministry of Food bought him for £76 11s 10d, which works out at about 7d a lb. It may be added that, as a calf, the farmer who reared him paid 50s for him, so that good husbandry added £74 1s 10d to his value.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of February 1915

Motor-Cars and Health. Scientists who have been weighing the facts find the following points in favour of the car.

Dustless roads will have to be generally constructed, consequently there will be less dust to carry disease in the air, and diseases and ill-health will be less prevalent.

The horse will gradually disappear from the streets, and with it the number of house-flies and stable flies will be diminished, so that human lives now destroyed by flies will be saved.

At the same time outdoor life and enjoyment will be encouraged, and contribute to the betterment of human conditions. But this cannot happen until we get dustless roads, and until all motorists are made to drive carefully and without the use of hideous horns and blinding lamps at nights.

Let the World Know



Trumpeters of the A.T.S. sounding *réveillé* at Aldershot. They are the first trumpeters in their corps and a special call, *Mary, Mary, Get Out of Bed*, has been composed for them.

OLD LADY THANKFUL

We like this story of an old Scots lady who, when an air-raid warning sounded, was swept into an official shelter among a crowd of people.

The hurry-and-bustle was too much for her, and she was seen to be muttering to herself, and somebody caught what she was saying. It was, *For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful*. The poor old lady, evidently feeling that a prayer was appropriate, was repeating the first thing that came to her.

It is good to live in a spirit of thankfulness, whatever comes.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

A further sowing should be made of broad beans choosing any of the large kinds.

Sow parsley to succeed last year's sowings. Seeds of the round leaf spinach may be sown between the rows of the very early peas.

If any spring bedding plants have been lifted by frost, press their roots in again.

Wild Life Plays Leap-Frog in the Alps

We have always been instructed by naturalists that the play of young animals is simply a preparation for the serious business of life—the kitten with a moving leaf unconsciously practising mouse-catching, the puppy worrying a slipper preparing for encounters with rats, and so on.

But no one ever doubted that an English otter sliding repeatedly down a muddy bank at night into its native stream really does so for sheer love of play. Now from Switzerland comes a merry story of animal sport in the Alps, play for pure fun, without any pretext of planning for the art of living.

Professor A. Pictet of Geneva has been making notes of the sport of marmots, squirrels, hares, and chamois

AUSTRALIA HAS ANOTHER GOOD IDEA

Will the doctor soon be kept away for good in Australia? It is planned to give every schoolchild an apple a day.

Boys and girls are delighted with the idea, and so are the apple growers, who are facing hardships owing to the fact that this year they cannot send fruit abroad because of the lack of shipping space for exports. The troops in camp may also come in for a share of the surplus fruit.

An apple a day for every schoolchild is an idea worth thinking about.

THE PESSIMIST

It was a very impressed audience who sat listening to a lecture on astronomy in Scotland not long ago.

There was a dead silence at the end of the talk, and at last a worried-looking farmer got up and asked: "Hoo many years did ye say it would be before the warld was cauld and deid?" "Seven hundred million years," was the reply. The farmer beamed and sat down as though a great weight had been taken off his mind. "Why, that's a relief. Ah thocht ye said seven millions!"

THE COMPANION WHO CAME IN THE NIGHT

Pilot Smith heaved a sigh of relief when he got into bed at Salamaua hospital in New Guinea the other day.

His aeroplane had crashed in the Bitoi Valley, burying itself in trees, and he had miraculously escaped serious injury. For four days he struggled down the Bitoi River, and one night he clambered exhausted on a huge boulder and went to sleep. When he woke in the morning he found a 20-foot python basking in the sun a few feet away.

For two days water was his only nourishment, and then he was found by natives, who gave him sugar-cane to eat and took him to Salamaua.

THE CHESHIRE DOG

We have all heard of the Cheshire Cat; here is the story of a Cheshire dog.

Dear Editor, At Park Road Junior School, Timperley, Cheshire, a dog followed a child to school and came to our classroom. Our teacher sent it out, and next time the door was opened it came in again, and was put out a second time. Then the dog jumped on to the handle of the door and opened it and came in.

GWEN HALLAM (age 10)

THE UNLOCKED DOOR

How we wish all our garages were like this one we hear of in Michigan!

Mr Arthur Betts of Bois Blanc Island is very pleased with the success of the Honour System he has been trying at his garage.

Nothing is under lock and key. Day and night he leaves in a conspicuous place several five-gallon tins full of petrol, a measuring can, and a notebook; for motorists to help themselves when he is away from the garage. Drivers write down how many gallons they have taken, and, according to Mr Betts, no one has yet taken petrol without paying for it.

THE NOAH'S ARK MAN

There has passed away at Scarborough Mr John Snowden, whose work we mentioned in the C.N. some years ago. A wonderful old craftsman, he lived most of his long life at Pool-in-Wharfedale, where he was well known for the clever wooden figures he made. With the simplest tools and the cheapest wood he fashioned animals for Noah's arks, and his work reached a high standard. Mr Snowden was 90 when he died, but he never lost his interest in carving; and in Pool Church are some choir stalls he carved when he was 75.

POOR COCK ROBIN

It was not a bow and arrow that killed Cock Robin and saddened a household in Scotland the other day.

For two or three years a little robin has been the family pet. Because it made a home for itself in the front hall the front door was never closed, so that it could fly out whenever it wished.

The other day mice appeared in the kitchen and the outhouses, and the master of the house bought a mouse-trap and set it in the toolshed. In the morning he found to his horror that the trap had caught Poor Cock Robin.

A FIRE PUTS ITSELF OUT

A fire put itself out at the Lancashire Central Homing Club premises in Bolton the other day. The club rooms were closed at the time and the fire burned unnoticed. After a little while it burned through the floor, dropped into a room below, carrying among other things fittings which burst a water-pipe. The escaping water spread to such an extent that the fire was out when the fire brigade arrived.

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Old Enmities and New Generations

THE way in which the effects of old enmities linger long after the enmities are buried is illustrated by the case of the oft-debated Channel Tunnel.

When it was first proposed England and France had not forgotten their old wars, and the project failed. Now we find a talented French writer suggesting that a tunnel to link England and France should be begun on the very day peace is signed.

It is a pity that new generations so often have to suffer because wars which they do not understand were fought in the time of their grandfathers.

After 26 Centuries

JAPAN is one of the oldest and cleverest nations in the world; she has been celebrating her 26th century as an empire.

And how has this great and growing nation celebrated so immense an achievement? By building a great tower in memory of War.

It is to cost £175,000.

Eleven thousand designs were sent in.

The money will be raised and the actual work done by 500,000 people, all unpaid.

The work will take three years.

Is it not a melancholy witness to the slowness of the human mind that after 2600 years these clever people should still be thinking more of war than of peace?

Alice and Hitler

WE have seen Mein Kampf, the lunatic book of Herr Hitler, compared with Alice in Wonderland, the imaginative flight of Lewis Carroll.

"If you want a lie to be believed, make it a big one," says Hitler.

"But you can't believe impossible things," said Alice to the Queen, and the Queen replied: "I dare say you have not had much practice. I always do it for half an hour every day, and sometimes I believe as many as half a dozen impossible things before breakfast."

We may leave the master of lies to history; the Queen will live for our delight long after he is gone.

Cassocks and Hassocks

ONE of our old friends has sent us a story told to him by a Headmaster of Eton.

When he first came to Eton, he said, he found the choir boys wearing black cassocks, and thought they looked rather sombre. How much better they would look in scarlet! But, the Eton choir being of royal foundation, the change could not be made without the King's permission, and as the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Gloucester were both at the college at that time the Headmaster, Dr Alington (now Dean of Durham), asked one of the royal princes to ask the King if the change could be made. The royal dukes did ask the King, and the reply came verbally: Yes, the choir could have scarlet hassocks instead of black.

JUST AN IDEA

We have read, and we feel that it is true, that as we grow older we think more of the lovely times we have had and less of the bitter ones.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



WASTERS ARE TRAITORS

THOSE who do not read the Parliamentary Report sometimes miss rich contributions to our knowledge of ourselves.

The House of Commons has lately been discussing foodstuffs for livestock, and we find in the debate a remarkable story of what one town in Middlesex has done to fight the unpatriotic waste that is always going on.

It is right to count as Friends of Hitler all those in this country who encourage the waste of valuable material. The waste that goes on in peacetime is tremendous, and would probably pay for the maintenance of half our hospitals. It is bad enough then, but in wartime the waste is a grave weakening of the country's war strength, and those who waste are traitors to their country's welfare. It is best to use plain words about so grave a matter.

One of the things we should all wish to encourage now is the keeping of livestock, especially pigs; but it happens that much of the food for livestock (as also for hens) must be brought in from abroad, so that it calls for much shipping. Men must therefore risk their lives, and the Government must set aside ships for bringing this food into the country.

Yet the truth is that we ourselves (you and I) could save waste which would replace an immense amount of this food now brought us at great peril.

Let us look at the story told in Parliament of what has been done at Tottenham. Over 40 pigs were brought into the town, and a scheme for collecting waste food for them was put into operation. It was a great success; they collected so much that there were ten tons over, and this was sold for 35s a ton. *Farmers clamoured for it for 100 miles round.*

The 40 pigs did very well and the investment was paying its

way easily. One trouble was the transport of the surplus food, for this cost about as much as the food itself; but the experiment was tried of boiling and mixing the food before transport so as to reduce its bulk by three-quarters and its weight by a half, and this has been a great success.

So Tottenham has shown us the way to turn waste into food and *save ships and lives for the nation*. It has been reckoned that if half the householders in Tottenham save their kitchen and table waste and put it into a bag to be called for every week the collection will be between 20 and 30 tons of pig food a week, over a thousand tons a year.

There is little doubt that the ordinary waste of the houses in this country would supply 500,000 tons of pig food every year.

It is a remarkable fact, and it encourages all those who fight against waste to redouble their efforts in times like these. He who saves is fighting Hitlerism as surely as he who fires a gun. Every housewife, every kitchen, is a fighter in the war.

It has been said that we are all on the battlefield now. Whether we know it or not, we shall know it if the Air Raids come. The best answer ordinary people can make to the threat to destroy us is to refuse to be destroyed.

We can add our strength to the nation by saving every scrap of waste, and so decreasing the demand on our shipping. Every one of us is either a help or a hindrance to the nation. It is little enough that we are asked to do, but *all the little helps we can so easily give will add to the strength of the country.*

Save all the waste of food you can. Save all the waste of labour you can. Save all the waste of money you can. Waste is Public Enemy Number One, and *Wasters are Traitors.*

A Dauntless Spirit

THE world is full of courage: who could live in these days without it? Never was such courage on the field of battle, or in the quiet places of life where ordinary folk face bitterness and grief unspeakable with a gallant spirit.

One of our readers writes to tell us of a poor man in Reading who has lain helpless on his bed since his teens. Helpless we said, yet it is not the right word, for he has two rich possessions: the use of three fingers and a dauntless spirit that will not despair. With the three fingers of his right hand which he can use he executes, with delicate and unerring touch, delightful coloured drawings in crayon. Though in almost constant pain, with long and weary hours of sleeplessness in the night, he is patient and uncomplaining, and one of his friends tells us that he is the most tranquil-minded of men, yet a brave and gallant fighter who is always on duty. He has no medals, but if he were a Scout he would wear the Cornwell Badge.

It is stimulating to read of so gallant a fighter against the buffetings of Fate. When we are irritable in the Blackout, or bothered by the rationing of sugar, or annoyed because we must walk to the station, let us remember this Galahad of Reading and take courage.

They Who Left Her Kindly Shore

We have received these lines from a CN friend in New Zealand, which is now celebrating its centenary. She has put into them the New Zealander's love for the Motherland.

Have we no part or lot in England,
We, whose fathers trod
The misty hazard of the ocean road?
And did they love her less
Who left her kindly shore
For lands unknown?
But nay! They loved her more,
And in us bore
A passion for her deeper than we know,
Stronger than we think or tell, and so
Shall not our tears and life-blood flow
When England's flow?

We have not seen her, yet
Our heritage is this... not to forget.
Within us stays
Some memory of her quiet ways.

Gwendolyn Williams

The Matchless Army

EVERY paper in the free and civilised world has been filled with the story of the matchless heroism of the Finnish Army, the smallest fighting nation in Europe defying the biggest.

One fact the CN begs all the grown-up papers to print about this gallant spectacle—that the Finnish Army is teetotal and is reported to do its fighting on milk.

A Prayer For Our Flying Men

Thou who guidest the swallow and wren,
Keep the paths of the flying men.

Over the mountains, over the seas,
Thou hast given the bird-folk compasses.

Thou guidest them, yea, Thou leadest them home
By the trackless ways and the venturesome.

When they fly in the wintry weather,
Be their compass and chart together.

Thou that launchest the wren, the swallow,
Guard our flying loves when they follow.

Katherine Tynan

Under the Editor's Table

THE cold weather has closed many European schools. The children did not freeze on to their lessons.

DATE pudding makes a nice change—if you remember the date.

It is ill-mannered to smack your lips. But worse to smack anyone else's.

MODERN barracks have spring beds. What do the soldiers do in the summer?

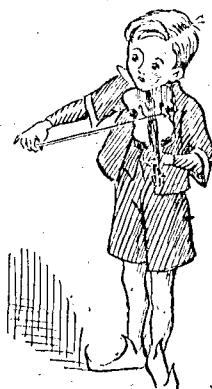
A BOY has made a model wooden aeroplane—out of his own head.

It may not be easy for the Dutch to defend their flat country, but they will do their level best.

It was complained that a politician's speech was designed to make our hair stand on end. It should have been cut.

A MAN gave his employee a house instead of a salary. So that he could live within his income.

Peter Puck Wants to Know.



If a trying child succeeds

February 17, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

The Lord God Planted a Garden

THE Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world,
And He set there an angel warden
In a garment of light enturled.

So near to the peace of Heaven,
That the hawk might nest with the wren,

For there in the cool of the even
God walked with the first of men.

And I dreamed that these garden closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod

And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

Dorothy Frances Gurney

AS WE PASS

AS ships meet at sea, a moment
together, when words of greeting
must be spoken, and then away into
the deep, so men meet in this world;
and I think we should cross no man's
path without hailing him, and, if he
needs, giving him supplies.

Henry Ward Beecher

The Grass

WE trample grass, and prize the
flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade
away.

Robert Southwell

He Cannot Praise the Coward

I CANNOT praise a fugitive and
cloistered virtue, unexercised and
unbreathed, that never sallies out
and sees her adversary but slinks
out of the race, where that immortal
garland is to be run for, not without
dust and heat.

Milton

The Whole Trouble

THE whole trouble is that we won't
let God help us.

George MacDonald

The Angry Gods

The gods

Grow angry with your patience.
Tis their care,

And must be yours, that guilty men
escape not:

As crimes do grow, justice should rouse
itself.

Ben Jonson

CHOOSE HIM

CHOOSE for your friend him that is
wise and good, and secret and just,
ingenuous and honest, and in those things
which have a latitude use your own
liberty.

Jeremy Taylor

In My Cage I Sit and Sing

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut in from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom I must love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering
wing,

And still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because thou knowest as they fall
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of the soul.

Madame Guyon, written in the Bastille



CARRY ON



THE CONQUEROR STOPS TO THINK

A Good Peace is Better Than the Hope of Victory

This is one of the noblest speeches recorded in Antiquity, a speech by Hannibal before the Battle of Zama in 202 B.C. We may hope it will catch the eye of a certain Dictator who sees no hope of victory but yet might obtain Peace before disaster overwhelms his people.

SINCE fate has so ordained it that I who began the war, and have so often been on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come to ask a peace, I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it.

I could wish that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limit which Nature seems to have prescribed to it, the shores of Africa and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in turn, to turn the enemy at their gates.

He whom Fortune has never failed rarely reflects upon her inconstancy, yet without referring to former examples my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am the same Hannibal who became master of the great part of your country, and deliberated with myself what

fate I should decree to Italy and Rome.

And now, see the change. Here in Africa I am come to treat with a Roman for my own preservation and my country's.

Such are the sports of fortune. Is she, then, to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your power; the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious it would add little to your glory or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years in acquiring.

But what is my aim in all this? That you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all islands between Italy and Africa.

A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you and for the Roman name. And do not tell me that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you. It is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace. I ask it because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT

HOWEVER the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto,
In letters of living light:
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak to dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning

And keep this motto in sight:
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be
in the wrong
The battle is not yet done;
For, as sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



EVACUATED SCHOOLS-2

Boys of Rossall School, Fleetwood, are now at Naworth Castle in Cumberland. Here some of the boys are seen leaving the 700-year-old Lanercost Priory, which is used as the school chapel.

Hurrah For the Wings That Never Tire

HURRAH for the wings that never tire,
For the nerves that never quail;
For the heart that beats in a bosom of fire,
For the lungs whose cast-iron lobes respire
Where the eagle's breath would fail!

As the genii bore Aladdin away,
In search of his palace fair,
On his magical wings to the land of Cathay,
So here I will spread out my pinions
today
On the cloud-borne billows of air.

Up! Up! To its home on the mountain crag,
Where the condor builds its nest,
I mount far faster than hunted stag,
I float far higher than Switzer flag.
Hurrah for the lightning's guest!

W. H. Rhodes in 1874.

THE MIXTURE

TRUTH comes to us from the past, as
gold is washed down from the
mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute
but precious particles, and mixed with
infinite alloy, the debris of centuries.

There is a Land

THERE is a land where beauty cannot
fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be
dismayed,
And none shall ever die.

Mary Howitt

The Library

A LIBRARY may be regarded as the
solemn chamber in which a man
may take counsel with all that have
been wise and great and good and
glorious among the men that have
gone before him.

George Dawson

Know the Truth

HE that judges without informing
himself to the utmost that he is
capable cannot acquit himself of judging
amiss.

John Locke

O, WHAT A GLORY

O WHAT a glory doth this world
put on
For him who, with a fervent heart,
goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and
looks
On duties well performed, and days
well spent!

Longfellow

The Unknown Benefactor

THE work an unknown good man
has done is like a vein of water
flowing hidden underground, secretly
making the ground green.

Carlyle

The Spacious Firmament on High

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from Pole to Pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine:
The hand that made us is Divine.

Addison

Blackout Stories

The Blackout is a new factor in all our lives, and is a general nuisance. But it is probable that we owe our safety very largely to it and it is needful that it should be regarded favourably and seriously by both young and old. Still, it has its lighter side, and we have collected these stories about it.

THE torch has become one of our best friends; it seems a thousand pities that the Government did not see in time that there was a good supply of batteries.

We hear of one man who was walking home from the station with the help of his torch when he suddenly realised that footsteps were following. He quickened his steps, and the steps behind him still kept pace. The faster he went the faster they came, until at last he stopped and turned round, only to find four harmless pedestrians availing themselves a little sheepishly of the light from his torch.

FROM a Lancashire town comes the story of a night without a moon when the silence was broken in the street by a sound as of a clanging chain. The man who heard it shuddered a little as he thought of dungeons and fetters (or perhaps of concentration camps), but his terror was relieved when his torch lit up an honest neighbour, who explained. "It's nothing but two or three nails rattling in a canister to stop folk running into me. They can hear me coming with my clogs, but the clogs are being mended, my torch wants a battery, and so I thought of this way out."

ONE night a northerner was walking along the road when he came to a lorry which nearly ran into him. "I say," shouted the driver, "why don't you try walking on the pavement for a change?" The pedestrian kept his temper and replied, "Because I am waiting for you to get off it."

ONE very dark night in a village in Kent, a woman from the town complained to the warden that a light was visible on the hill across the valley every night at a certain time. The warden made inquiries but met with no success, and he was invited to the house to see the light from a window. He found that the offender was a star.

ONE of the best of all the stories is of a party of Christmas carollers. Up and down a Yorkshire dale they went, calling at the farms, where the door would be opened, hospitality offered, and funds given. But there was one night when the singers met with scant success. No chink of light appeared at the windows, no door opened; carol after carol they sang, but still came no response. At last the leader of the carollers said, "Come on, folks, sing them Christians, Awake, and if that doesn't rouse them nothing will." It did not. But it was not because the people indoors were mean. It was because the people out-of-doors were standing round a haystack.

IN one Kent village a party of carollers climbed up the hill and sang so that their voices were heard in the valley, and before they left the hilltop it seemed to the owner of the house a pity that all this good work should be done in darkness, and he led the little party into the dug-out, where they continued their carols in the full blaze of electric light and secure within concrete walls. They were probably the only carollers who have sung in a dug-out in this country.

WE are told that at a little church in Lincolnshire the rector has found a novel way of overcoming the Blackout. The parson, not to be beaten, asked each parishoner to bring a candlestick, the verges handing to each one a shaded candle. At one evening service at which these candles were held alight in the church the first hymn began:

*Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame.*

WE have heard of a cat wearing a luminous collar, and of course the wearing of luminous buttons and brooches by humans has become familiar. We have heard also of men colliding with posts and apologising in their haste, as the man did who suddenly bumped, raised his hat, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir," before he found that he had collided with the fire alarm. So far we have not heard of the arrest of a glow-worm, but we know of a young cyclist who carried one on his cycle, and it is perfectly true that in the last war a man popped his head out of his window on a country hilltop, horrified to see a light in his drive, and shouted out, "Put out that light," only to find that it was the harmless little creeper of the night.

WE have already published a curious little tale of a London bus terminus, where a passenger boarded one of a group of buses ready to leave. He told the conductor his destination, but the conductor told him that he was on the wrong bus if that was where he wanted to go. The passenger thought he was right, the conductor insisted that he was wrong. The passenger shrugged his shoulders and the conductor shrugged his, and they argued it out in the darkness until the passenger at last advised the conductor to look at the destination board. "Heavens!" he said. "Then the driver and I have got on the wrong bus." And so they had.

THOUSANDS of people have been unable to find their own door, and we remember one of our country readers (a very wise man, for he has been the head-

master of one of our high schools) who fumbled about in a country lane trying to find the postbox, and passed it four times without finding it, only discovering it then because a passer-by struck a match for him, and saved him from puncturing himself in the thorny hedge.

MUCH kindness is shown in the Blackout in a hundred ways. When soldiers on leave arrive at York station during the Blackout, even those familiar with the city find it rather bewildering to seek out a conveyance. A number of business men have therefore formed themselves into relays of two on each evening of the week to meet these soldiers or sailors with their cars and drive them, within a five-mile limit, to their homes. This kindly arrangement has been highly appreciated by hundreds of service men.

A YOUNG girl being led down a village street during the Blackout noticed the white lines marked on the roadway, and asked what they were there for. She was told that they guided the drivers of vehicles to keep in their right way, and so make their journey easier and pleasanter.

"Oh," she replied. "I understand now what that verse means which we learnt this morning. It says the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places."

THE story is told of a very self-important special constable in a town on the north-east coast who thought he saw a light shining in one of the upper windows of a house. He roused the occupants, who informed him that it was not an artificial light that he saw but the moon's rays reflected from one of the window-panes.

"I don't care what it is," he replied; "it must be put out immediately."

Presently he heard a great shuffling of feet and saw a step-ladder placed by the window, and soon a voice called out to him, "We canna reach it, constable. It's ower far off."

"Well," he answered sternly, "tham leave it alone while I report the matter to the proper authorities."

ONE of our correspondents, who has been staying down in the country but has come back to Chelsea, sends us a little story of his experience on coming home.

In the country (he says) we did not go out in the Blackout because it was so complete that we walked into the garden beds in trying to find the front gate; but we expected better things of London. On the contrary, they were worse. The first night in my old London house I went out fearlessly to post a letter in the pillar-box at the corner, 50 yards away. First I walked into railings, then apologised to someone whom I jostled on the edge of the kerb, and lastly was made aware by a sharp yelp that I had trodden on a dog. The dog was on a lead, and I shall never know his owner unless I recognise the voice which addressed me in words that still seem to me unworthy.

Finally I found the pillar-box, an old acquaintance, but as it was not as vocal as the man or the dog I had much difficulty in discovering its mouth. When that was done I turned back home, but could not find my own door till I had gone past it twice. A friend with the same experience has outlined the keyhole with luminous paint. To crown all my experiences, someone had wrenched off our door-knocker while I had been on my prow—perhaps to sell it for old iron.

RETURNING from a visit, the four-year-old Doreen, daughter of an air-raid warden, had her first experience of the Blackout.

"Mummie, look!" she said excitedly. "The man in the moon has forgotten to black himself out!"

ONE little girl we hear of plainly disliked the idea of going home on a moonless night. "It's quite all right, darling," said Mother reassuringly; "you sleep in the dark at home."

"Yes, Mummie," the little one replied; "but it's my own dark at home."

White-out

The Great Frost of 1940 will be chapter in our weather history since the first White-out of the Blackout. There is hardly a village or a town that was not cut off, and we have collected these incidents.

FOR several hours of the Blackout the Darent Valley near London was lit up one night by electric flashes from the railway lines—a remarkable spectacle, the light being at times bright enough to read by a mile away, with lines of fire running along the tracks like living things.

WHILE people were waiting for Mr Reginald Foort to play on his 15-ton organ at Preston the organ was lying in pieces in a train at Bolton and in seven motor-lorries at Skipton.

FOR a time Scotland was completely cut off from England, snow having stopped all through trains.

Liverpool Assizes were postponed because the Judge was snowed in far away.

Coal-rationing of two cwt a week for each household had to be imposed owing to the slowing-down of transport.

A London theatre had to postpone the production of a play owing to its boiler having burst.

TRAINS from Scotland reached London a day late, and passengers on the way had to seek lodging in houses and public halls.

One engine kept up steam all night in order to warm the passengers in a train which could not go on.

A train having been held up between Sheffield and Manchester, a rescue train was sent out, only to become snowbound in turn, so that a third was sent out.

LORD HALIFAX, having set out to address a meeting at Glasgow, could get no farther than Carlisle, and returned after three days and two nights in the train, with his mission unfulfilled.

Steam locomotives had to haul electric trains, the conductor-rails of the system having become unworkable owing to ice insulating the metals.

Gas and electric lighting services had to be restricted through shortage of coal, which could not be delivered.

MINERS were imprisoned for 29 hours in a colliery near Cardiff, frost having shut off the electric current for the winding engine by which cages for the men are raised and lowered.

Villages isolated for days ran out of food, and telegraphs and telephones having been broken down by snow, delivery of letters was impossible.

The A.A., warning motorists not to drive at all during the Blackout, urged those in Manchester not to venture more than 12 miles from the city.

Farmers being unable to drive cattle to market, the public were asked to eat mutton and pork.

The Finnish Ambassador and his wife setting out for Scotland, were lost with their train, and did not arrive.

Nine express trains from London to the North were cancelled in a single day.

Food had to be sent out to passengers marooned in one snowed-in train.

Trains reached London with passengers who had had neither food nor drink for nearly 24 hours.

Many doctors unable to reach their patients telephoned inquiries and advice.

SIX hundred passengers having been stranded at Adlington on the railway between Manchester and Preston, 400 of them were conducted through the snow to a local school and other places, and a butcher killed three cattle and ten sheep with which to feed them.

THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE OF THE SEA

By cleaning up New York Harbour a plague more destructive than dirt, the teredo woodborer, has been let in.

The teredo is a more ruthless foe of the timbers of wharves than the death-watch beetle is of roofs. The land beetle may take hundreds of years in honey-combing the timbered hammer-beam roof of Westminster Hall; the teredo can destroy a wharf in two months.

The death-watch beetle works in the dust; the teredo must have sea water in which to live, and prefers it unadulterated. While New York Harbour's waters were filthy the teredo avoided them; when they became pleasantly salty the teredo took it as an invitation.

A still stranger example of this marine woodborer's tastes was offered four years ago in San Francisco Bay, which till then had suffered little from the ravages. But a long-continued drought increased the bay's saltiness, because of the lessened flow of rivers into it, and

in came the teredo, which has cost San Francisco £5,000,000.

According to Professor William Clapp of Harvard, the highest authority on the teredo, it does not live on the sawdust of the timbers it attacks, but on the microscopic creatures, the plankton, found in sea water and nowhere else. Sea water it must have.

It is a small grey worm, a mollusc related to the oyster and the mussel, and its home is not on the rocks but in the wood. There it burrows its way, eating for a home, with the help of a jaw fitted with hundreds of rows of microscopic teeth. If a row wears out the teredo sprouts another, and goes on its boring way, through soft wood or hard. Neither teak, mahogany, Australian karri, nor any hardwood comes amiss to its perseverance.

It does not like creosote, with which wharf timbers can be soaked, and so ward off this destructive invader.

† Stories

remembered as the most astounding the Twentieth Century began. It was so. That has not been touched by it in some incidents of the Great Weather Hold-Up.

Hundreds of schools, mills, factories, and business premises were closed owing to the breakdown of traffic.

An ambulance became snowbound and the patient had to be carried on a stretcher over a mile and a half through the storm.

Newspaper trains were lost and papers reached subscribers a day late.

Soldiers and sailors on leave had to spend a day and a night in railway trains or stations.

All leave for the B.E.F. had to be cancelled for the duration of the frost and snow.

Ice was so thick on the Grand Junction Canal that a fleet of ice-breakers was employed.

British civil aeroplanes were affected owing to the snowy and frozen condition of their landing grounds.

BRITISH Empire flying-boats were delayed, their landing stations at Italian airports being useless.

Supplies cut off by frozen mains, women from whole streets in London suburbs had to queue up with buckets.

Thousands of households were inconvenienced by frozen pipes and cisterns.

Many deaths were caused by the bursting of domestic boilers; in one house a whole family was killed.

Motor-cars were buried in snow and abandoned on roads all over the country.

ONE Kentish postman, his motor-van buried in a snowdrift, walked a mile for a spade, and then, having dug the van out, was immediately engulfed in a second drift, and had to continue his long round on foot.

Many motor-bus services had to be abandoned, their vehicles left frozen on the roads.

All cattle out in the fields had to be hand-fed with hay and root-crops.

Hundreds of sheep were buried in snow in hilly country, and many died of cold and hunger.

Skating championships were held on the Fens, news of the events being kept secret at the time.

Ski-ing and tobogganing were more general than for many years past.

Many tradesmen delivered their goods on improvised sledges.

The Chairman of the Great Western Railway had to telegraph to a meeting that he could not take the chair because he was captive in a train which had held him up for two nights and a day.

IN some Lakeland villages the people were without milk and papers for days, and one day the Yorkshire village of Kettlewell had no bread for its 150 people.

A village by the River Clyde sent out an S.O.S.: "We are starving."

One of our readers in Dumbartonshire writes to say that she has never heard of such an experience as she and her husband had; luckily the children were away with their schools. Unhappily they forgot to turn off the water when they left the house for a fortnight, and on returning had to chisel the door to open it, when a cascade of water greeted them, falling down the stairs. The hall was a sheet of ice. In the lounge were icicles hanging from the piano, and upstairs icicles hung from the ciderdowns on the beds.

The Sun Looks Down on Tudor Corner



A daily scene at the medieval bridge at Eynsford in Kent, where the swans come up the River Darent from Lullingstone Castle

CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD

This story of the Great White-out comes to us from a bungalow in a meadow by the Trent.

WE have lived all these years in a green meadow; now we are in a wonderful white world, and snowed up.

Snow is knee deep and drifts three feet, and the hedges are bent under its weight. Fantastic icicles hang like a fringe under the eaves: we saw a tom tit hanging on one this morning looking for his breakfast. The lock-keeper over the meadow has only come out of his cottage to tend his fowls, and we waved shovels in greeting to show that all is well.

The cold has been intense. A week ago today the temperature under the bungalow was 27 degrees of frost. In the open it must have fallen below zero.

We always hoped to keep the wolf from the door, but we have not kept the fox away. We were awakened from sleep at four in the morning by the noise of a fox prowling under the bungalow, mounting the steps and sniffing at the food safe. In the morning we followed his steps round the orchard where a rabbit has made its home. It is rather exciting looking for marauding animals in the dead of night when it is freezing like billyho.

Working my way up the lane the other day I saw two rooks doing power-dives and all kinds of aeronautical tricks to get a morsel of food from a seagull.

The postman and the newspaper boy have failed us, and I have had to trudge through the lanes, leaving a deep hole with every step. It was a series of drifts

level with the trimmed hedges, some like great waves, others like glistening caverns—very lovely, but very awkward when it comes to having to walk through them.

There has been tragedy in the life of the pond. During the brief thaw after the first frost we saw under the ice our old veteran goldfish who left us once in the great flood and was found at Trent station, a mile away. We recovered him then and he has been happy since; now he was lying dead. The next day it froze again and snow fell, but when that had thawed an amazing sight met our eyes. Under the ice were hundreds of frogs with forelegs outstretched. The fishes were there but were absolutely still, apparently dead; but luckily they have survived, for we have seen them move.

The World's Highest Jumpers

WONDERFUL WATUSSI

Dauntless Finland declared early in her struggle that when it was over she hoped to hold the Olympic Games next year.

This valiant hope which stirred the world found an echo in the American Museum of Natural History, where Mr Martin Birnbaum has just deposited unique examples of native basket work brought from the territory of King Rudahigwa the Reformer who rules over the Watussi, the tallest race in Central Africa.

The king is seven feet high; his bodyguard of Watussi noblemen are nearly as imposing; but what struck Mr Birnbaum most was their high jumping. Mr Birnbaum, a six-foot man, stood under a bar between two posts, and one by one the Watussi noblemen jumped over him, clearing him easily by six inches. They did not even trouble to take off the long silk robes which are their badge of nobility. Some, he declares, must have cleared seven feet.

Now, says Mr Birnbaum, the record high jump is 6 feet 9½ inches. If only these Watussi high jumpers were sent to Finland's Olympic Games they would set up a new world record. They may do so still.

New Brooms to Sweep Waste Away

Square pegs in round holes is a term normally used to describe life's misfits, but the association of real squares with actual circles has suddenly become a reality, and, moreover, a virtue.

The Government Timber Control must save space in our ships by limiting our imports of wood. The ordinary broom-handle must be wood of a certain cross-section so that it may be rounded by machinery. This wood is costly, so the handles of brooms for the Army, like the poles for the Army's tents, will in future be square, an alteration permitting the use of cheaper timber of smaller cross-section.

For the future Army benches, instead of solid tops, will have slats to seat the soldiers, so saving 60 per cent of the wood that would have been used for the million new benches required.

Wooden crates, instead of wooden boxes, will carry the Army's canned foods, a saving of one-third on ten million of these containers; and with these and similar alterations in other boxes for supplies for the Front the Government hopes to effect a yearly saving of no less than eight million feet of timber.

Soon we may expect to find new brooms sweeping clean in our homes, with square handles instead of round.

Slave Boy Who Became a Scientific Wizard

One more honour has been awarded to Dr Washington Carver; the other day the famous Negro scientist received the Roosevelt Science Award.

Born a slave on a Missouri plantation, the boy who started with nothing grew up to create out of almost nothing wealth of untold value. For 40 years Dr Carver has worked night and day in his laboratory at Tuskegee, Alabama, for the betterment of humanity rather than for profit. This chemical wizard has developed from the lowly peanut more than 300 commercial products, including milk, paints, pickles, sauces, oils, dyes, flour, paving blocks, and axle grease, and more than 100 products from sweet potatoes. He has made synthetic marble from wood shavings, and insulating walls for houses from peanut shells. Yet he has given all his discoveries, without any remuneration, to science.

A TALK WITH AINO OF FINLAND

The Gay Spirit of a Noble Race

This story of a talk with a daughter of Finland, Aino, of somewhere near Petsamo, is from a travelling correspondent who was there last summer.

AINO spoke English better, probably, than you can speak French, for although she was shy she wanted very much to learn, and when visitors passed through Ivalo on their way to Petsamo she was always ready to talk with them.

She was something of a traveller, for she had been all the way to Helsinki, a day's journey in the bus to Rovaniemi, and then a day and a night in the train.

Had I seen the big hotel at Rovaniemi? Aino asked—though, of course, I must have seen such hotels in England.

Near the Arctic Circle

Yet there are not many hotels, even in England, with which the Rovaniemi hotel cannot compare favourably. Modern architecture, modern plumbing, modern furnishings, modern decorations, and one of the most delicious meals that I have ever tasted I found here. The Finns are wonderful cooks, and they know what good food is. In summer this hotel, only a few miles from the Arctic Circle, caters for visitors going North. In winter it is a sports centre, and the whole world echoes with the fame of the Finns.

Aino had spent three years at the university at Helsinki, where she had learned English and German. Swedish she had learned from childhood, for most Finns know two languages at least. She talked of English and German books, but it was when she spoke of Finnish books that her eyes lit up.

"You have read the Kalevala?" she exclaimed with delight. "Do people know the Kalevala in England?"

I explained that this Finnish saga had been translated into English (it was described the other day in the C.N.), and I also told her how Longfellow had been so attracted by it that he had written a long poem in the same metre, called *Hiaavatha*. Aino had heard of Longfellow but had not read his poems. She had read two plays of Shakespeare though, and could recite a poem by Shelley.

Free University Education

She is, as you see, an accomplished scholar, although she does live in the country a hundred and fifty miles from a station. But she does not think she is clever. Dear me, no! Most of her friends know just as much as she does, and many a great deal more, for in Finland if you are clever enough to gain the school-leaving certificate the university is free for you. Of course there are lodgings to be paid for, and that is a serious problem; but Aino solved that problem for herself. The summer vacation is a long one, so she went, in her pretty native costume, as a waitress in one of Helsinki's hotels.

"Helsinki is beautiful, don't you think?" (she said), "the sea, and the woods, and the islands? And do you like our Parliament House?"

I told her that I thought its austere beauty had caught the spirit of Ancient Greece, and her eyes shone with pride.

NEW HOUSES BROUGHT TO A STOP

WE have to pay now, in wartime, for neglecting our woods and forests in the past. Trees grow slowly.

In peace we accustomed ourselves to shipping in cargoes of timber worth about £20,000,000 a year. Bulky material, and it is bulk that counts in shipping.

Now, with ships needed so greatly for war, we find it difficult to get timber from abroad. Moreover, the Army calls for huge quantities of wood for barracks, huts, lorries, beds, tables, and many other things to serve millions of soldiers. So a Timber Controller has been set

"And what do you think of our Arctic Highway?"

She spoke of the road that runs from the railway at Rovaniemi to Iinihamari on the Arctic Sea. Each day the bus leaves Rovaniemi with the mails and a few passengers. Before it has gone far it passes a signpost on which is printed in three languages ARCTIC CIRCLE. As you go northwards beyond it, even though it is summer, you expect to shiver a little. But you are quite mistaken. On the contrary, workmen repairing the road are naked to the waist, and as brown as if they had been basking on the Lido 2000 miles south. We were glad to shed the warm coats we had brought, imagining that within the Arctic Circle it would be sure to be cold; what we had forgotten was the long day of sunshine, which gives the earth no time to cool during the hour or two of night. Farther on there is no night at all.

The road runs through mile after mile of forest of pine and birch, through villages of wooden houses, past lonely farms, each with its bath-house. Ivalo is reached towards the end of the first day, and here the bus stops for the night.

Land of the Midnight Sun

Farther north the forests grow sparser, the trees smaller. Many are stunted and misshapen, or withered by last winter's frost. Now and again a reindeer bounds across the road and disappears among the trees. In summer the great herds are among the hills, and the Lapps with them, but we meet one of two Lapps who have come down to the village to do a bit of shopping.

At last even the trees are left behind. We are in a country of moss and granite, the grey rim of the Arctic Ocean. Nestling on its shore is Iinihamari, one of the most northern ports of Europe, and one of the few kept free from ice by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

It is evening, but the sun shows no sign of setting. Nor will it. It will dip towards the horizon, as if it curtseyed to the top of the world; then it will rise into a new day. This is the land of the Midnight Sun.

"What do you think of our Arctic Highway?" Aino had asked. What could I do but admire the resourcefulness that had made the only highway to the Arctic, through country with only one inhabitant for every square mile?

Courage and Hope

It was my turn to ask a question now. "What do you do in the winter," I asked, "during the long Arctic night?"

Aino's smile was the serenest I have ever seen on the face of a young girl.

"We have our books and our handicrafts, our skis and our skates," she said; "we are very happy."

But that was in June. With winter the Russians have come, down the great highway and back again, bravely fought on every inch of ground.

And where is Aino? I don't know. All I know is that wherever she is she is full of courage, and will not lose hope.

Tracking a Lost Boy

TALE OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

Members of the 10th Light Horse, a militia regiment whose headquarters are in Western Australia, figured in an episode far removed from their usual military duties the other day.

An 11-year-old boy, Bryce Stevens, started out on a shooting expedition with two companions in hilly country some miles from Perth. The three boys had not gone far through the trees and scrub before Bryce wandered away and was lost. The other boys returned home and told Constable Gray, who soon had a party of searchers organised.

They included the black tracker attached to the police station, and members of the 10th Light Horse who were spending the week-end in military training. The boys took the party to the spot where they had last seen Bryce, and from there the black tracker got to work. He followed Bryce's trail through scrub and over gravel and ironstone rocks where it seemed incredible that anyone should find a track. All through one Sunday afternoon and into evening the search went on, the party camping in the bush that night. As soon as dawn broke the next morning the party went on again, and eventually found Bryce safe and well. He had travelled 16 miles since he had left his companions, and the black tracker had followed his trail all the way.

Museums Carry On

Once again museums are beginning to carry on. The children have summoned them.

Altogether more than 30 museums which closed their doors at the threat of air raids have reopened in whole or in part; and their roll of honour begins at Aberdeen and comes down through the length of the land to Worthing.

The bigger share of them have been opened to teach and delight the children who have been evacuated from threatened areas, and this movement has been extended to all the boys and girls who live within reach. A new kind of education in nature and beauty is springing up for this rising generation. It is one of the good things arising out of the evil of war.

Birkenhead was one of the first to call in the children, and its example has been followed by Darlington, Gillingham, Hastings, Norwich, Wollaton Natural History Museum at Nottingham, Reading, Preston, Salford, Scarborough, and others. Haslemere's children's museum has never closed, we are glad to say.

Brighton opens its art gallery, Leicester's art gallery is half open, and Manchester is considering what is best to be done. At present the only London museum wholeheartedly open to the public, children included, is the small but handsome Geffrye Museum, which displays to the old and young of Hoxton and Shoreditch treasures old and new.

Frozen Sounds

When the Spring comes we shall hear better, according to a promise made by Professor Adrian at the Royal Institution, but this happens every year.

The human ear has 25,000 nerve fibres, each capable of sending to the brain 1000 impulses a second; but they need time to recover after they have sent their message on. When the thermometer stands below 50 they recover so slowly that the ear misses out a lot of the higher-pitched notes, though the lower and duller sounds are not so much affected. When the temperature rises to 80 the ear hears four times as well, and in young ears the highest, shrillest notes, like the squeak of a bat, are easily heard.

Some animals, the dog among them, can hear more and higher sounds than human beings, but coldblooded creatures are far worse off. Our hearing is about 80 times as sensitive as theirs.

CN ANIMAL STRIP

FIVE SIMILES



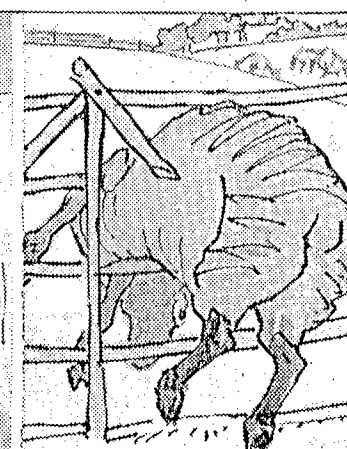
Affable as a wet dog
A. H. Lewis



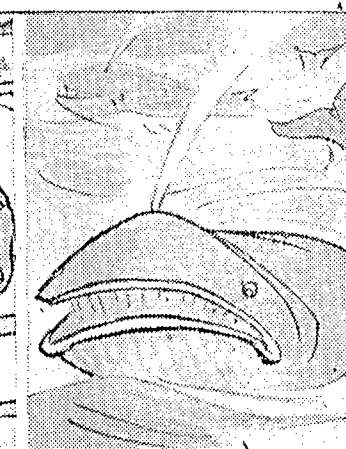
Agile as a monkey
Dumas



Anxious as a hind
Keats



Askew like sheep through a hurdle
R. D. Blackmore



Blowing like a grampus
Kipling

THE VALLEY NO MAN HAD SEEN BEFORE

A LOVELY valley till now unseen by man, though thousands of visitors to the Victoria Falls have been within a few hundred yards of it, has just been visited and described by an engineer of South Africa.

The valley is hidden from sight by the falling waters, 200 feet high, of the Devil's Cataract, which is one of the two branches of the Falls, the other being the Eastern Falls, 282 feet high. At the bottom of the Devil's Cataract is a huge pool, always turbulent, and the spray from it, besides acting as a

watering-can to the valley, helps to hide it from sight. There is no path to the hidden glade, which is carpeted with maidenhair fern and luxuriant with other and taller tree ferns; but the engineer who found it, Mr G. C. Clarke, descended with an assistant down a rope into the abyss curtained by the Falls, and got to the bottom. They examined the entire base of the Falls, swimming across the calmer part of the pool, after having taken care to ascertain that it was not infested with crocodiles.

It was a remarkable feat, and some of the geological information obtained is of the highest value; but to Mr Clarke it probably is of less importance than another task just completed. He is the engineer of the scheme for establishing a generating station for electricity at the Silent Pool, two miles from the Falls. It has now been completed, and supplies electricity to the town of Livingstone seven miles away. It was, of course, David Livingstone who discovered the Falls, and this town is named after

him. A scheme for utilising the water-power of the Falls was spoken of 30 years ago, and this small instalment of it, built under great difficulties, is a promise of the future: and Mr Clarke writes of it with justifiable pride. His break-neck climb to the foot of the Falls is described in a postscript to his technical report, but he is enthusiastic about the beauty of this glade hidden between the main Eastern Falls and the Devil's Cataract, embowered in greenery and canopied by the rain-bows of the spray.

Adopting a Lonely Tommy

One of our friends has been telling us of a new interest which has come into his life. He has no son of military age, no nephews who have had to join up, no one belonging to him is in any way linked with the Western Front, so he and his wife have adopted a soldier.

They did this with the aid of an army chaplain who put them in touch with a Tommy who has few relatives or friends and little chance of receiving letters or parcels. Our friend tells us that it has been thrilling to make up parcels for their Tommy, whom they have never seen.

The odd thing about this idea, says our friend, is that they began under the impression that they were going to play the parts of father and mother to a boy at the front, but they themselves are getting quite as much enjoyment out of it as Tommy can, and they read the news and listen to the wireless as never before. France seems nearer to them, and hostilities are not merely the massing of troops, but the moving up of their own Tommy.

Perhaps other people who have no near relative in the forces would like to play the part of godfather or godmother to some Tommy? It would mean much to a lonely lad in the field.

PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX

Could the World Be Frozen Solid?

No. Water swells at the moment of freezing, so that the ice occupies more space than the water. Ice is thus lighter than water, and coats the fluid instead of sinking. But for this wonderful law the world would slowly freeze all life to death, for if ice sank to the bottom of the seas, lakes, and rivers the whole body of water would become so chilled that there would be no thawing, and gradually we should experience a worldwide Ice Age in which all vegetable and animal life would in time become extinct.

The expansion of ice which saves us from this is responsible, however, for immense loss and inconvenience, for, as we all know, the force exerted at the moment of freezing cracks water-pipes and all sorts of containers, from which water comes flooding with the thaw.

Rocks and masonry in which water has collected are split in the same way. A block of buildings used for cold storage at Smithfield Market was found to have been shattered last summer by the expansion of the clay and moist soil accidentally frozen beneath it; and that sort of thing is multiplied in tens of thousands of examples all over a frozen land.

Why Have Some Flowers a Powerful Scent?

It is not insects but the wind which does the work of carrying the pollen, as it is called, from one flower to another in the case of many plants, and these plants usually have very small and not at all showy flowers and very little or no scent; they do not need to attract insects.

Some flowers are very small and much hidden, like the violet; but they make up for this by having a particularly strong and delicious scent to lead insects to them.

Why is an Outlet Pipe Bent?

If we look at the outlet pipes attached to the washing-basins in our bathrooms and other outlet pipes we shall find that they are generally bent in U-shaped fashion.

There is a very good reason for making them like this. The pipe, of course, carries away the waste water to the drain, and there might be a possibility of bad gases passing up the pipe and escaping into the room. The outlet pipe is therefore bent so that there is always a quantity of water in the lower bend, which will act as a valve to close the pipe and prevent the foul gas escaping into the room.

A Few Good Things From the War

War is a bad thing; the C.N. has always said so and always will. Disputes can be settled without resort to war if both sides are willing. But nevertheless we may well remember what is good about sad days like these.

The war is training thousands of women to be nurses, which will be useful in peacetime.

Thousands of men are being trained in First Aid, which also will be useful in peace.

Far more interest is being taken in the stars than ever before.

The results of the Blood Transfusion Service, established by the Army Medical organisation, are full of promise, one of the most wonderful things brought into general practice by the war.

The Auxiliary Fire Service is training a great body of useful citizens in fighting fires.

Men trained for A.R.P. work are being given a new sense of civic duty and importance.

Thousands of evacuated children and adults are being taught to appreciate the country and understand its problems.

The whole country is learning a great lesson in cooperative effort which will not be lost when peace comes.

Nature's Own Wireless in the Woods

WE have all read stories of tropical forests and wooded ways in which the scream of a monkey in the trees tells a traveller that a tiger or a leopard is prowling in the gloom.

Many naturalists have described how, from what seems a virtually empty sky, high-soaring distant vultures, watching one of their kind which is nearer the earth, follow it in a swarm down to food below.

The same sort of signalling is customary among wild creatures in the

quiet and seclusion of our own land, but, regarding such wonders as peculiar to tropical life and latitudes, we do not seek them here. But this is the sort of thing that happens in a shrouded English countryside.

From somewhere known only to itself a magnificent pheasant strode suddenly into sight the other day in a clearing of a Kent wood. He had all the local knowledge of a native, and length of days had given him the confidence that comes to wild life in sanctuary conditions.

From rearward of his position there came a low human voice and the shadow of a moving figure, but the pheasant, fortified by experience, felt himself safe. A couple of little birds—tits or wrens, less confident, sprang up from the grass into an overhanging tree. The pheasant twisted his neck, cocked an eye upward, and ignored the warning.

The little birds, however, startled a blackbird and a thrush perched above them, and they in turn startled a ringdove resting still higher, and with

a great clap of wings he leapt into the air and flew.

This was an alarm not to be overlooked by the pheasant. But did he also fly away? He did not. Silent as a shadow, and as fleet, he ran, and in a flash was invisible in the undergrowth, without for a moment longer exposing himself to detection and danger.

It had taken the movements of successive birds on three levels to tell him the tale of peril, but he was safe in his own security.

ZONES OF SILENCE

Two distant dull thuds surprised people all over London on a recent morning, and were first put down to gunfire and then to some far-off explosion. News shortly followed that there had been a severe explosion, which had wrecked houses and shattered windows all round an explosives factory north of London.

In the last war there was an explosion at a factory at Silvertown, and then, as now, the course of after-events was the same. The sound was heard over a radius of nearly 40 miles in Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex. Then it ceased to be heard. There was a zone of silence. But beyond this, after a longish interval, the sound appeared in more distant places.

The explanation offered is that the explosion produces violent air waves along the ground, which move at great speed when they begin, but gradually lose their speed and vehemence and die out. They seldom get beyond 60 miles.

The explosion at the same time throws sound waves upwards. These travel into the stratosphere till they reach a height which clouds cannot pass, and which by its change of temperature forms a barrier almost as impenetrable by sound waves. It turns them back in a curve, and this curve reaches the earth again beyond the zone of silence. The sounds thus reflected from above have a longer journey than the first surface waves, and are therefore heard later.

An Anglo-French Emperor? SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

WE all hope for much from Anglo-French Cooperation, and none of us will be disappointed if there grows from it at the end of the war something like an Anglo-French Federation, as the beginning of the Federation of Europe.

It might all have happened long ago if an old letter we have just come across is true, and there seems no reason whatever to doubt it. The letter was written by General Colin Macaulay, Lord Macaulay's uncle, who was a friend of Wellington, but was not at Waterloo as he was invalided home a little time before. The letter is sent on to us by a Dorset lady to whose grandmother General Macaulay used to write, and this is what he says in one of his letters:

Shall I tell you a curious (very curious) anecdote—but don't let it get abroad into the newspapers.

The Poor Widow's Son of Poplar

IN peace and war we lose our valiant hearts today. We have been reading of the passing in peace of one who helped to make the British Navy strong to fight against evil things.

He was a Poplar lad whose father died when he was very young, and who laid the foundations of life for himself by winning a scholarship which made him a fine mathematician. He was too delicate for "gym" at school, but his mind was set on his work, and he was as

capable as he was honest and courageous. He went into a naval drawing office, and later to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, for which he also won a scholarship, spending his holidays in an ironworks to pay his way.

He rose higher in his work as years rolled by, and the day came when he was Deputy Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty. Edward Lewis Attwood was one of the great authorities on big armoured ships, and his chief work was the design of H.M.S. Renown, H.M.S. Repulse, and H.M.S. Hood.

He was a Sunday-school boy at Poplar and a nonconformist all his life, and he had a fervent faith in God as the Ruler of the World.

When he was designing the Renown and the Repulse, two sister ships, there was a point at which the design was in a critical stage, and it is remembered that Mr Attwood left his desk at the Admiralty and went to a colleague, saying, "Nothing but the grace of God will bring this design through safely." It was the grace of God which made a splendid man of this son of the poor widow of Poplar.

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The Great Flight of Birds

Not for many years has winter sent so many birds fleeing from the winter of Northern Europe to the promise of food and warmer conditions in England.

The feeding of our own birds has occupied the attention of hosts of kindly people in town and country, where the shortness of supplies has been complicated by the sudden arrival of these fugitives from the north. The flight of rooks and starlings has been one of the interesting things to watch during the Great Frost.

The kitchen garden of one house was suddenly pillaged by the repeated visits of over 100 ravenous wood-pigeons from afar. The bird-table was another matter, for supplies which were ample for home birds vanished with disconcerting rapidity when between 30 and 40 migrant starlings came winging in to claim a share and beat off the local family.

The rooks, thousands strong, accustomed to feed in fruitful fields near home, found supplies cut off by the burial of their wide larder under a foot of snow; but these wise birds solved the problem. Off they went to the Thames estuary, 12 or 20 miles away, where, with the ebb of each tide, wide stretches of mud, rich in provender, were laid bare for their gleaning. They made daily a little two-way migration of their own.

The warm-hearted scholars of Mansfield Woodhouse Baptist Sunday School have given up their prizes this year so that the money could be given to the Comforts for Troops Fund.

FEBRUARY

The second month of the year, February is often one of the stormiest of the twelve. Gales and blizzards, snow drifts, burst pipes, icicles, sudden squalls, all these we may expect, though often the month takes us by surprise, sunshine bringing snowdrops in the woods and aconites on green banks. Already the birds are beginning to sing again. Sparrows chirp under the eaves and larks rise from the fields.

Not even the war is likely to stop boys spinning their tops whenever February gives us a fine day with dry streets, and, however rough the month may be, we are glad that at least the nights are becoming shorter and the days longer. The worst weather cannot destroy our growing hope of spring.

February 2 is still known as Candlemas Day. The name comes from the age-old custom of carrying candles to church, the priest blessing them.

Collop Monday

February 3 brings to mind St Blaise, who is said to have lived 1600 years ago. He was martyred, legend tells us, by being tortured with nails. It is unlikely that anyone invokes his name in order to cure a sore throat now, but that is what people used to do.

Collop or Shrove Monday is February 5 this year, and at one time Salisbury boys went about the streets singing songs, and Eton boys used to make verses.

We hear little now about Collop Monday, but everyone remembers Shrove Tuesday. Pancake Day sees the ringing of pancake bells in many church towers; and at Westminster School the boys shout when the pancakes are tossed.

It is odd to read in old books of the custom once prevailing on this day at Broomfield in Cumberland, where the schoolboys used to lock the master out of school, refusing to admit him till he asked for permission to enter; and in Kent Shrovetide (shrive-time, or confession-time) brought round the festival of the Holly Boy and the Ivy Girl.

From time immemorial football has always been linked with Shrovetide; and today at St Columb Major, in Cornwall, young folk play a rough game of hurling in the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday, the ball being of applewood encased in silver.

St Valentine's Day

The first day of Lent, Ash Wednesday, is February 7. The name comes from the old ceremony of blessing ashes, the priest reminding his congregation that man is but dust.

We think of St Apollonia on February 9, for that is his day; and it is amusing to recall that at one time it was to him that people looked to cure toothache.

February 13 sees the quaint custom of blessing the waters at the opening of the net-fishing season for salmon at Norham in Northumberland.

St Valentine's Day is February 14. The saint appears to have lived about 270, but what he had to do with valentines no one seems to know.

This year having an extra day, many people have birthdays which come only once in four years. So had Benjamin Keach, who was born 300 years ago and is believed to have introduced congregational singing into churches.

Matthew Turner and the Servants

It is over 90 years since Matthew Turner, of Beverley in Yorkshire, died, but he is not forgotten. That is because he himself did not forget his servants.

Every year his charity is distributed according to the terms of his will, which declares that ten guineas shall be paid to all domestic servants within eight miles of Beverley if they have remained with their employers a certain time.

This year 36 servants received the sum, and altogether 2800 servants have benefited, a sum exceeding £29,000 having been distributed.

All Boys and Girls
will enjoy these . . .

Tolly, new Waddy

CARD GAMES for the Children

Meet Connie Cow, Bill the Burglar, Jimmy Jug and hosts of comical and popular people in these new WADDY card games. They're all quite easy to play.

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MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
Are delicious on toast for breakfast.

February 17, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

II

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON

Cyrano de Bergerac's Flight of Fancy, Told in Two Instalments

Cyrano de Bergerac, who was born in 1620, acquired a new fame as the hero of Edmond Rostand's comedy, first produced in 1897. He was a soldier before he turned to literature, and some of his amazing exploits have tended to outshine his talents as wit and poet. This scientific-romance, possibly inspired by Bishop Godwin's fantasy, was almost certainly in turn the inspiration of Swift and Jules Verne. Last week's instalment told how the hero tumbled headlong on to the Moon, was captured by the huge inhabitants and exhibited as a curious monster, and then was befriended by a traveller with whom he could converse, the Man of the Sun.

The Garb of Shame

IN the afternoon I was taken to the palace of the king, and examined by the greatest men of science on the Moon. In spite of all that my friend had said on my behalf, I was adjudged to be a mere animal, and again shut up in a cage. The king, queen, and courtiers spent a considerable time every day watching me, and with the help of the Man of the Sun I soon learned to speak a little of their music-language. This caused a great deal of surprise. Several persons began to think that I was really a man who had been dwarfed and weakened from want of nourishment.

But the learned doctors again examined me, and decided that, as I did not walk on four legs, I must be a new kind of featherless parrot. Thereupon I was given a pole to perch on, instead of a nice warm bed to lie in; and every day the queen's fowler used to come and whistle tunes for me to learn. In the meantime, however, I improved my knowledge of the language, and at last I spoke so well and intelligibly that all the courtiers said that the learned doctors had been mistaken. One of the queen's maids of honour not only thought that I was a man,

but fell in love with me. She often used to steal to my cage, and listen to my stories of the customs and amusements of our world. She was so interested that she begged me to take her with me if ever I found a way of returning to the Earth.

In my examination by the learned doctors I had stated that their world was but a Moon, and that the Moon from which I had come was really a world. It was this which had made them angry against me. But my friend the Man of the Sun at last prevailed upon the king to let me out of the cage on my retracting my wicked heresy. I was clad in splendid robes, and placed on a magnificent chariot to which four great noblemen were harnessed, and led to the centre of the city, where I had to make the following statement:

"People, I declare to you that this Moon is not a Moon but a world; and that the world I come from is not a world but a Moon. For this is what the Royal Council believe that you ought to believe."

The Man of the Sun then helped me to descend from the chariot, and took me quickly into a house and stripped me of my gorgeous robes. "Why do you do that?" I asked. "This is the most splendid dress I have ever seen on the Moon."

"It is a garb of shame," said my companion. "You have this day undergone the lowest degradation that can be imposed on a man. You committed an awful crime in saying that the Moon was not a Moon. It is a great wonder you were not condemned to die of old age."

"Die of old age?" I said.

"Yes," replied my companion. "Usually, when a Man of the Moon comes to that time of life in which he feels that he is losing his strength of mind and body, he invites all his friends to a banquet. After explaining what little hope he has of adding anything to the fine actions of his life, he asks for permission to depart. If he has led a bad life he is ordered to live; but if he has been a good man, his dearest friend kisses him and plunges a dagger in his heart."

As he was talking, the son of the man in whose house we were staying entered the room. My companion quickly rose on his four feet, and made the young man a profound bow. I asked him why he did this. He told me that on the Moon parents obey their children, and old men are compelled to show to young men the greatest respect.

"They are of opinion," said my companion, "that a strong and active young man is more capable of governing a family than a dull, infirm sexagenarian."

The father then entered the room, and his son said to him in an angry voice:

"Why have you not got our house ready to sail away? You know the walls of the city have gone some hours ago. Bring me at once your image!"

The man brought a great wooden image of himself, and his son whipped it furiously for a quarter of an hour.

"And now," said the young man at last, "go and hoist the sails at once!"

Marvels of the Moon

THERE are two kinds of towns on the Moon, travelling towns and sedentary towns. In the travelling towns each house is built of very light wood and placed on a platform, beneath the four corners of which great wheels are fixed. When the time arrives for a voyage to the seaside or the forest, for a change of air, the townspeople hoist vast sails on the roofs of their dwellings, and sail away altogether towards the new site.

In the sedentary towns, on the other hand, the houses are made with great strong screws running from the cellars to the roofs, which enable them to be raised or lowered at discretion. The depth of the cellar is equal to the height of every house; in winter the whole structure is lowered below the surface of the ground; in spring it is lifted up again by means of the screw.

As, owing to the father's neglect, the house in which we were staying could not set sail until the next day, my companion and I accepted an invitation to stay the night there. Our host then sent for a doctor, who

prescribed what foods I should smell and what kind of bed I should lie in.

"But I am not sick!" I said to the Man of the Sun.

"If you were," he replied, "the doctor would not have been sent for. On the Moon doctors are not paid to cure men, but to keep them in good health. They are officers of the state, and once a day they call at every house and instruct the inmates how to preserve their natural vigour."

I was conducted to a little room, the floor of which was strewn with fine orange blossoms about three feet deep. The Men of the Moon always sleep on these thick, soft heaps of fragrant flowers, which are chosen for them every day by their doctors. Four servants came and undressed me, and gently rubbed my limbs and my body, and in a few moments I was fast asleep.

Early next morning I was awakened by the Man of the Sun, who said to me:

"I know you are anxious to return to your Earth and relate the story of all the strange and wonderful things you have seen on the Moon. If you care to while away an hour or two over this book, I will prepare for your return voyage."

The book which he put into my hand was an extraordinary object. It was a kind of machine, full of delicate springs, and it looked like a new kind of clock. In order to read it, you had to use, not your eyes, but your ears. For on touching one of the springs it began to speak like a man. It was a history of the Sun, and I was still listening to it when my companion arrived.

"I am now ready," he said. "On what part of the Earth would you like to land?"

"In Italy," I replied. "That will save me the cost and trouble of travelling to Rome—a city I have always longed to see."

Taking me in his arms, the Man of the Sun rose swiftly up from the Moon and carried me across the intervening space, and dropped me rather roughly on a hill near Rome. When I turned to expostulate with him I found that he had disappeared.

THE END

CAN WE RIGHT OUR WRONGS?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. I have been thinking about forgiving and the power to make amends for wrong done. How far can we forgive, and how far can we put things right when we have erred?

The Man. The short answer to your questions is that it is good to forgive when we are wronged, but that no forgiveness can wipe out the consequences of wrongdoing. The power to atone for wrong done is often very limited.

Boy. But if it is true that wrongs are difficult to put right, forgiveness does not help us very much.

Man. Forgiveness is a divine quality, and he who forgives finds solace and reward in not bearing enmity and in feeling compassion for the person who has wronged him. The act of forgiveness, however, does not and cannot wipe out the deed done, for that is a cause followed by consequences.

Boy. Isn't it rather sad that forgiveness can go no farther than that?

Man. Yes! How many a man has felt, "Would that I could alter what I have done! Would that I could go back to yesterday!" In thus repenting a man is realising that he cannot forgive himself, and that deeds cannot readily be undone by saying "I am sorry!"

Boy. Then it must really help us if we understood that things done cause other things to be done, and that we have no right to cause bad consequences.

Man. Yes, that is the real meaning of responsibility—that we understand consequence. Every person causes things to happen, good and bad, and the truly happy man is he who can feel that he is continuously doing things that have

good consequences; that a trail of good things follows him through life and beyond it.

Boy. Through life and beyond! That sounds beautiful to me.

Man. It is truly beautiful. How wonderful it is to read of some well-spent life which goes on and on because it is good and has great consequence. "And departing, leave behind us footprints in the sands of time," said the poet Longfellow; but he did not go far enough in saying that, for our footprints in time are impressed in more than sand; they may endure plainly for all time in imperishable record. Deeds and words alike live on, to justify or to condemn our actions.

Boy. We seem to have travelled far from Forgiving!

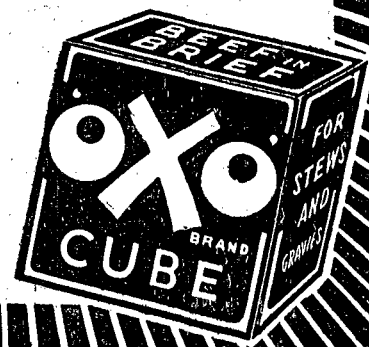
Man. All things are bound together in human experience. We cannot understand forgiving unless we go farther and realise that life is made up of things doing and things done, and that what is being done arises out of the good and evil of the past. Life is continuous. The Past becomes the Present and the Present becomes the Future; it is one long chain of influences, of causes and consequences, of events and their results, of good and bad achievements. The great history of the world is made up of little things; the everyday man and woman, and all the little things of life, come into it. We build up good or ill, each one of us; we are friendly or unfriendly, making peace or war—for be sure that it is the feeling in the hearts of men, and nothing else, that makes the world what it is. Think of it, and count ten before you do a doubtful thing next time.

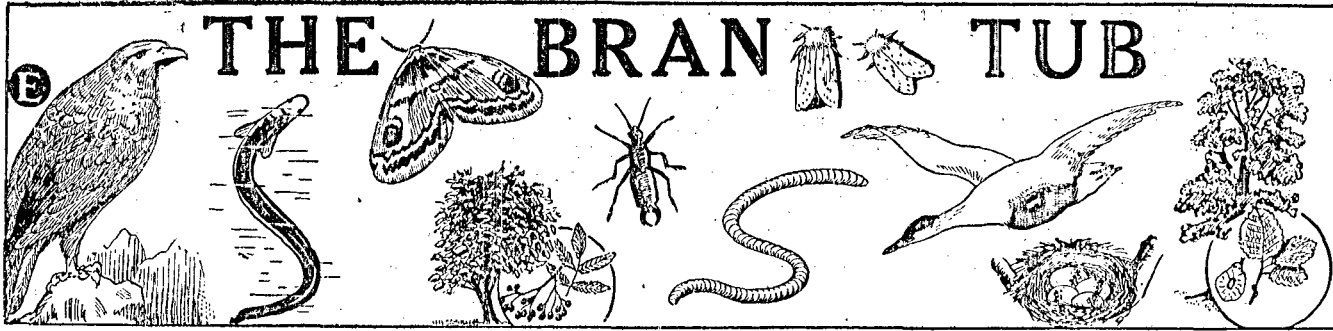


First Aid for the larder

Add Oxo to your cooking daily.

Oxo helps you to get that extra nourishment you need in these trying times and you'll enjoy the extra richness and improved flavour. Put Oxo on your shopping list to-day — adds food value.





The names of all these things found in the countryside begin with the letter E. Do you know what they are? Answer next week

According to Lincoln

SOME visitors calling at the White House when Abraham Lincoln was President told him of a body of water in Nebraska bearing an Indian name which they could not recall but which signified Weeping Water.

"Well," said Lincoln, "as Laughing Water, according to Longfellow, is Minnehaha, this must be Minneboohoo."

Why Not?

A WISE old owl lived in an oak.
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that bird?

How Treacle Got Its Name

WE should scarcely regard treacle as a wild beast, yet this is what the name means—a little wild beast. In the days of old Greece the doctors made up a sticky medicine which was supposed to be an antidote to the poisonous bites of venomous reptiles, and they called it theriakos, an adjective made up from the noun therion, which means a little wild animal. As treacle was very much like this anti-venomous concoction it also was called by the same name, our spelling of which is treacle.

Poor Jack

OLD Jack Frost must be terribly cold!
And old—I suppose he is ever so old.
His breath is of ice, and his beard of the snows,
And everything freezes wherever he goes.
Poor Jack! I do wonder if, just for a change,
He'd enjoy for an hour our warm kitchen range.
It must be so cheerless out there all the night,
And so dismal and dreary with never a light.
I'm sure he must sometimes feel lonely and lost;
I feel ever so sorry for poor old Jack Frost!

What Happened on Your Birthday

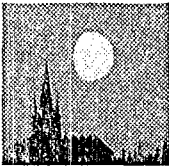
Feb. 18 Mary Tudor born . . . 1516
19 David Garrick born . . . 1717
20 Andreas Hofer, Swiss patriot, executed . . . 1810
21 Cardinal Newman born . . . 1801
22 George Washington born . . . 1732
23 Samuel Pepys born . . . 1633
24 Robert Fulton died . . . 1815

The Polite Editors

A POET, when asked if he did not find writing poetry a thankless task, replied that, on the contrary, everything he wrote was returned with thanks.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—are in the west, and Uranus is in the south-west. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, February 18.



Question and Answer

CAN you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better descry
Than you or than I
On how many toes
A pussycat goes?

A man of deceit
Can best counterfeit,
And so, I suppose,
He can best count her toes.

A Polite Request

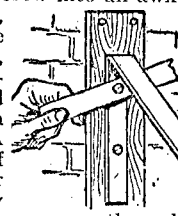
A SHOPKEEPER in a small American town had great difficulty in collecting debts from his customers, so he put up this notice in his shop:
Man is made of dust.
Dust settles.
Be a man!

Why Cream is Dear

IT is said that the reason why cream is so dear is that milk has risen so high that the cream cannot reach the top.

A Screw Hint

NOW and again it is needful to drive a screw into an awkward position, and it may be very difficult, or even impossible, to hold the screw with the fingers. A good way of getting over the difficulty is to push the screw through the end of a strip of cardboard, which may be as long as needed. When the screw is nearly home the card is torn away.



Rhyming Riddle

WE are four sisters, hard and strong,
Industrious, active, swift, and long;
We scorn the valley's humble dell,
And love on shadeless hills to dwell.
Inconstant as the varying gale,
In mutual truth we never fail.

Answer next week

The Number Nine

A VERY mysterious number is 9. Multiply any number by it and the figures of the result will always add up to 9 or a multiple of 9, thus: $9 \times 2 = 18$ and $1 + 8 = 9$; $9 \times 9 = 81$ and $8 + 1 = 9$; $123 \times 9 = 1107$ and $1 + 1 + 0 + 7 = 9$; $24367 \times 9 = 219303$ and $2 + 1 + 9 + 0 + 3 = 15$ and $1 + 5 = 6$. We can test it with any numbers.

Here is another mystery. Take any number, reverse it, and subtract from the original number, and the digits of the result will add up to 9 or a multiple of 9, thus:

4632
2364
2268

$2 + 2 + 6 + 8 = 18$ and $1 + 8 = 9$.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Word Puzzle	Cross Word
DOOR	FREE
ON	DIAL
MERCURY	M
E	ALL
CLOTHIER	BA
HALT	IDES
ANY	SLOTH
LEMONS	AL

Jacko Gets There First



WHEN the bath pipe burst it made a pretty mess. Father Jacko said he'd have to repaper the bedroom. But Jacko got hold of the paper first and had a lovely time. He was enjoying himself so much that he couldn't stop even when he reached the window! But just then the door opened and in came Father. "Look out!" roared Jacko, remembering the strips of sticky paper on the floor. But it was too late. Poor Father was caught like a fly on flypaper. The more he struggled the faster he stuck.

Ici on Parle Français

A Church Made From One Tree

The town of Santa Rosa, California, has a wonderful little church that was built entirely from one redwood tree.

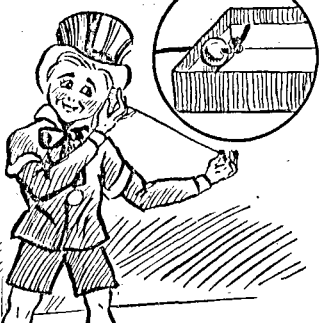
This monster of the forest was 18 feet in diameter and produced 78,000 feet of timber, in addition to the thousands of shingles with which the church was roofed. As a matter of fact, after the building—which seats two hundred people—had been completed there were still sixty thousand roofing shingles, left over. The tree was about eight hundred years old.

Une Église Construite d'un Seul Arbre

La ville de Santa Rosa, en Californie, possède une petite église remarquable, qui fut construite entièrement du bois d'un seul arbre "bois-rouge."

Ce géant de la forêt avait 18 pieds de diamètre et produisit 78,000 pieds de bois de charpente, en sus des milliers de bardeaux qui forment la toiture de l'église. En réalité, après que l'édifice—qui contient deux cents personnes—fut terminé, il y avait soixante mille bardeaux de reste. L'arbre avait environ huit cents ans.

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

Take alternate letters only, and find the names of two famous men in each circle. The letters forming the portrait spell the name of the city in which he lives. What well-known proverb does this picture represent? Fix a piece of elastic to a match-box tray by tying a bead to one end (see inset). Cover the tray with silver paper. Hold it to your ear while you twang the elastic, and you will soon learn to play tunes.

Tales Before Bedtime

Those Two

TONY loved running through the snow. And so did Scamp, whose joyful barks sent a lovely blue tit fluttering off into the holly bushes.

When they came to the little frozen pond Tony stopped. But Scamp ran on right to the middle of it.

"Come back!" Tony cried. "You'll be drowned. It isn't a bit hard."

"Bow-wow!" barked Scamp, spinning round and round in the way he did when he was trying to catch his tail.

Suddenly there was a loud crack, and the ice broke. Poor Scamp was in the icy water.

Tony couldn't swim; but he had to get Scamp out. So, without thinking about himself, he flung himself down on the thin ice and stretched out his arms till he could just touch the little dog.

Of course, Scamp struggled, and the next moment the ice cracked again—and then they were both in!

Tony was very frightened. "Help! Oh, help!" he cried.

"I'm here!" cried the farmer, who came running to the rescue.

He was carrying a long plank, which he pushed out for Tony to catch hold of. Tony caught it and held on tight, while the farmer pulled him gently in.

As for that naughty Scamp, he had had his teeth in Tony's coat all this time; and soon he was out on the bank, shaking himself dry, and barking as happily as ever.

GUARD CHILD AGAINST 'FLU COLDS

Get your child's bowels acting regularly and colds will be rare. But beware of strong opening medicines which strain the tiny bowels and leave them worse bound than ever. For safety's sake give 'California Syrup of Figs.' It breaks up a cold quicker than anything else because it removes all the poisonous constipated waste in which cold germs multiply by millions.

How children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose. And see how free they keep from colds and coughs. Get a bottle of this ideal laxative today. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

Please Order the C N

Your Newsagent
Will Do the Rest

